Let Reality Worry,
Here You Are Free

Calliope XXXXII
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History of Calliope

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In all my life, I have never met someone who has never dreamt of an escape, let alone, has never dreamt at all. Whether it’s in our sleep or during the day, we’ve all fallen into dreams. Our dreams, our mind, our thoughts—hold anything imaginable, and part of us will always want to become them. As artists and writers, we always try to get as close as humanly possible to experiencing that other side. We all see the world through our own eyes, some in ways that many have never even thought of. Everyone has a different story, a different purpose, a different journey. Through art and writing, we try to understand and take anyone we can along for the ride to be a part of it.

This issue of Calliope is a story in itself. Through the pages of the vivid and expressive literature and artwork, it takes you along on a passage through happiness, love, loss and hope. Here, through the gifted work from the students at The University of the Pacific, you let go of the worries in your life. Release your tight grip, allow yourself to breathe out your troubles, and escape into a world filled with imagination. Calliope has you experience a connection with every work of art in a variety of forms. Each piece of art in Calliope has something for you, has something to say, all you need to do… is find it.

I find in art the ability to give raw human experience a greater depth and understanding that can transform how we view our world and ourselves. Art is the distance between reality and our dreams. Art is how we move between the two realms and materialize our hopes and ambitions. We all collect experiences. We store these experiences carefully in our memory. These experiences shape our lives, our needs, our fears, and our dreams. And then as artists and writers we draw out the vibrancy and veracity of these experiences through artwork and the written word. We use art to guide us to the home waiting in our own hearts.

This year’s issue of Calliope is born of the idea that we need art in order to understand our unique realities. It is in the process of creating art to conceptualize ourselves that we are truly made free.

This issue displays the diversity and creativity of University of the Pacific’s student body. We received an unprecedented number of submissions, and every piece that appears here has been carefully selected for its ability to use art to bridge the space between our reality and dreams, the space between our minds and our hearts.

This issue is reflective of the inherent power there is to be found in the creation of art. It is a testament to the power of art to compel us to truly discover ourselves, to unearth our soul’s desires. The creators of the contents of this Calliope have accepted the challenge to move beyond reality and find freedom in art. And I wholeheartedly challenge readers to do the same.
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Kelsey Plageman
Achilles at The Trojan War

I shall ascend my funeral pile triumphantly
when everyone else has been conquered.
I shall call out the name of my people
when my enemies' bodies lay dead before my feet.
I shall raise my sword to the heavenly sky
when the traitor's blood seeps from his body and
into the earth.
I shall claim up my prizes
when I rip them from the hands of the fallen.
I shall be the hero of the gods
when I have earned my glory.
I shall accept my early death
when I know I have killed all those who took part
in killing him.
I shall lie down for eternal sleep
when my bones lie beside his.

Berenice Calvario
Tendrils wrap around her, with anxiousness
as if she were In the Way
of Them,
coiling into a writhing Mess
of snakes.
They pull at Her
gently—in no One Direction
Lulling her out of that soft security,
bringing her to the
Surface
replacing Dulled senses
with Raw Input
She shudders, as from a passing Chill
her eyes—smile
she has Returned

Heather Rodriguez
Awake

Tendrils wrap around her, with anxiousness
as if she were In the Way
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Jord Imutan
Keep Calm
Doubts

Jayme Belomy

Trying to decide
Are you really worth my time?
We could be everything to each other
We could be friends
We could be lovers
But I’m missing something,
Aren’t I?
There’s something I’ve overlooked.
Perhaps it’s the fact
That I look silly standing next to you
Maybe it’s that
You’re everywhere, all at once
And I just can’t keep up.
Or possibly
It’s the simple truth that you
Leap toward the future
While I drag my feet in the sand
Hoping the present stays forever.

All at Once I Fall

Beatrice Woods

At once in the prime of my life,
now I am old

At once in the full bloom of youth,
now I am withered

Once,
I knew what it was to love

To touch the cool of another’s skin

Once,
I knew in an instant, almost without knowing

How to move my body in time with another’s

At once, all at once, I fell

As if from a great height into middle-age
old-age decrepit-age

All the years left wrinkles on my skin as they brushed by
All at once, I die.

At once in the prime of my life,
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Double Meaning

When you told me that you could not wait to see my beautiful smile I almost forgot that you didn’t mean you wanted me.

Amanda Wynn

What You Could Know

Becca Wyant

Faults

the earth shifts and I am falling losing hope grasping onto crumbling cliffs

the tide washes all the doubt away from me a past I won’t hold with certainty

fire rages through all weakness cries from images of who lives and who dies

moving closer nudging for a touch reading faces of those who look too hard but see enough

shaking everything we knew as real and bash them into jagged glass

the day is shorter yet I feel no closer to death then the earth shifts

Eric Koester

Medford

16

17
Elana Christina Toledo
Like New

moments mixed
memories
immerse me
under fire.

Elana Christina Toledo
Like New

curving through
the nape of
her neck
the small of
her back.
Familiarity.
trace of her fingers
rogue stained lips.on.his.
happiness. nervousness. excitement.
arms like chains.
lock securely.
bliss befalls
heart: rises; heals. head.
the. beat. the
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Juliann Hilton
The Dust Mote Dance

The wind whistles past the window but inside it is too warm.
From the ceiling vents drift dust motes, swaying, spinning to the wind’s tempo, moving musically, like sound in form—higher on the spin, slower as they float down.
The dust motes dance the air currents—their ballroom the storm outside—the orchestra of which she could emulate such graceful twirls.
radical woman is radical because
her words overpower the shadow
her eyelashes cast
when she walks in a room
radical because she
wears her blackness
and womanhood like
folk ain’t tryna break
her for it.

No I am here, says
the radical woman
with her love
for herself radiating & her
heart inside of
her strong and glowing.
she is beautiful;
the kind of beauty
not pictured or
viewed passively
but the kind that
pops!
and says I am as
human as anybody else, I
am absolutely beautiful,
ain’t you know?
just look at me

As my withered hands
soar through the forgotten sky,
I struggle to make my lips
form one last goodbye:

A silent blessing to a
girl who will never know.
The love dies with me,
it’s power never to show.

You would learn of this event
and think about our past,
another soul jaded with the
thought
that good things never last.

I appealed time and time again,
but sorry wasn’t enough.
You never believed it would end
this way,
but I’m not one to bluff.

As I glide towards the ground,
I prepare for my demise.
If I could do it all again,
I’d be much more wise.

Thoughts of you engulf my mind
on this surprisingly pleasant flight.
You tantalize me with your smile
no more;
my plan is impervious to plight.

I was greeted by your eyes.
I meant to land on my head
but my legs broke the fall.
The extent of my injuries
was miraculously small.

You let me know what has happened
but all I can do is stare.
I wanted to tell you I love you
but my mouth wouldn’t dare.

Suddenly you leaned close to my ear
and promised me a second chance.
If only my legs would work,
I’d jump up and do a dance.

So when you are down and
your heartstrings are bending,
keep in mind that some stories
do have a happy ending.
You Don’t Miss the Water till the Well Run Dry

Jenna Chaplin

You Don’t Miss the Water till the Well Run Dry
Remember,
There are Footsteps On the Moon
Ink

The beat her heart’s beating
Has kept my seat seated
Dazed for days, saying,
How can I approach this?

Angel in danger of never being chosen
By a writer cause they’re scared to stand beside her,
Or their interest is just to get inside her.

But in time, and in rhyme
I’ll take you through my mind and you will find
The two alike and recognize
I’m neither.

When I find her, I’ll hold her as my Capulet
She’ll say she’s glass,
I’ll say you’re what?

She’ll start to laugh,
I’ll start to blush,
But she will understand I understood enough
So education never debilitated or jaded my creation.

This hiatus from reality, developing through creativity
My ability to disregard what rules bring
And do things my own way.
Picking up treasures that others foolishly throw away.

With all of this conveyed within the blink of an eye
We fell in love with each other without time to say hi.

With no beginning I knew we would never end
Being lovers, livers, laughers and afterwards best friends.

She handed me the pen
I knew what she wanted,
She desired
The sweet fire
Acquired
From being honest.

Started writing on her arm
And as the ink bled upon us
I saw that we were shooting stars
Born to follow comets.

Made a promise in that moment
She would never live lonely, and slowly,
Tears ran a river down her cold cheeks.

"Hold me"
she whispered,
But I wasn’t listening,
Busy writing scriptures and glyphs upon this mistress.

Glanced at her eyes as I danced on her thighs
With the pen and began
Taking off the cloth.

So soft the gown
That had so long allowed
Gravity to hold her down
To this world that sold her out.

Underneath her wing bones I wrote born to fly,
Right across her left breast I wrote born to die,
On her shoulder blades it read I will carry the world,
On her throat I wrote that nobody is alone.

Each paw, see-saw
Representing the balance
Between the easiness of galaxies
And universal challenge.

On her stomach I penned out life is a struggle
And you are not getting anywhere without
Getting in trouble.

Then I snapped the pen in half
Stuck the ends in my mouth,
Sucked the ink dry until the flow flowed out.

Pressed my lips against
Met no resistance
So we kissed and I’ve never felt so alive since.

Throughout all this
Not a single word spoke,
Dead silence as the world around us turned to smoke.

Suffocating I choked on the dark black ink,
Head pounding with her heart,
I couldn’t even think.

Began to sink,
But the ground embraced me,
Tried to still my mind but my mind was still racing.
Gasped for breath as she left each step
Was a missed opportunity that I would never get.

I blacked out, and when I came around,
My inked angel was nowhere to be found.

I fell in love
But never knew her name.
How could something so real not be real life?
Opened up my notebook then I realized;
She was not a she
But a ghost all along,
And though I was alone
I will always have this poem.

Bernice Calvario
Bull and Wife

Kelsey Belomy
Homeward Bound

I have a long way to go tonight
A long, long way back home
But it doesn’t matter—I don’t care—
if it leads me back to you.

No one’s ever looked at me
In quite the way you do
I feel so original, so unique, so funny
whenever you smile at me.

I guess I’m surprising, at least to you
Which is nice, at times, because I often feel
cast down    silly
alone       boring
foolish     stuck in a rut
And I would much rather feel
happy         worthwhile
friendly      confident
loved          comfortable
Like I feel when I’m with you.

Becca Wyant
Take Me Away
we carved highways into mountains like scars
concrete cuts through green arteries
bleeding fumes and exhaust

we paved parking lots across fields
asphalt dungeons outside big box retail prisons
sites of fluorescent light torture

we erected skyscrapers
glass phaluses into the clouds
each higher than the last

we dumped heaps of plastic trash into the sea
and cried out when it hit back

we split the atom and made our own suns
and cried out when they blew up

it is no wonder, then
that the shamans are all dead
that we lost touch with the spirit world

that we regulate our dreams with drugs
and live waking nightmares

we got the world we deserved

have you ever looked down on a city from an airplane?
people and cars move like dots around a glorified anthill
well that's just looking down from a mile in the sky
look at the earth from a cosmic perspective
we are not even ants

we are cancer cells
living, loving, fighting, dying cancer cells
breeding, choking, thriving cancer cells
ravaging our mother and ourselves
and the only question is
whether or not we finish her off
before we're through
Randolph S. Castro
The Lady in The Fountain

His the voice in the mountain;
The eye in the sword, first witness to blood
As it flows from Her mouth as a crack 'fore the flood.
She is the last Hand of the Father.

Vilaya the Lady of Order,
Vilaya that sleeps in the fountain:
No evil shall stand nor may crawl in Her sight;
No darkness is suffered to stifle Her light,
And we as Her maidens stand for Her.

We are the sisters beneath Her.
We are the joints of Her fingers.
We are the strength and the force in Her blade.
We are the shield that Her mission has made.
Our lives and our hearts we bequeath Her.

Vilaya, the Patron of Justice,
Vilaya—whose voice as yet lingers—
We receive Her in echoes of e'er-lasting might.
Our backs do not bend as we stand through Her night.
For we as Her servants do trust this:
Shall She who swings down the grave-maker's blade,
And shall She who empties the dirt from the spade,
And sends out the Enemy onto the block,
Not forget we who stand strong as keys to Her lock.
In death shall we rise,
Yea, ever we rise.
By Her breath shall we rise,
And in us Eternity made.

Paige Logsdon
Hunting For Witches

Randolph S. Castro
The Lady in The Fountain

Hunting For Witches
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Hannah Raudsep
Descending
Page 33
The greatest feat imaginable is to live free. But to be alone with no one to converse with, And walk with, hinders the soul. We are always reminded of our weaknesses, therefore We try to stop and heel. But we fall behind While others run down ahead and we are left To catch up slowly on foot. Our soles are left unworn, but our souls are also torn, And sometimes we lose our footing in reality. What is left then? Our bare soles? What more of it can we give, if All that is left is laced with indifference And the unreachable feat of living free? Or is it defeat. Maybe our sole is where the feat is. Maybe we should destroy our soles, But not bury our feats, one foot under another. Two feet. Four feet. Six feet Under ourselves. Then perhaps the greatest feat imaginable is not To live free. But to die tied-up in life.
The year compressed into only a fleeting moment
Eagerly obeying the sermons our hearts preached
While carefully dodging the objections that echoed through our minds
We prayed simply our obedience would reap longevity
And we shook with refusal as the negotiations began to cripple
How silly to think that we could rise without converging
That we could save the body with the soul
When we told our love how big our problems were
Instead of telling our problems how big our love was.
Yet, still, I stand unmoved
But shaking with refusal
Curling up with the last seconds of a precious fleeting moment
Losing the battle I thought we only needed love to win.
The Stories
That Ran Away
last night—john asks me: what do you call an epiphany on steroids?

we're smoking a bowl, sitting in a car parked a block down from his house in a gated commun-

ity in brookside. the name of the community is nostalgia, though the situation—john having

to sneak out of his house, hotboxing a car on a quiet residential street—does remind me of high

school, the feeling i get is less nostalgic and more desperate.

john has just been released from the hospital after days of being shuttled from emergency rooms

to private hospitals to psych wards. he says, they have me on some medications. i don't know

what they said i can't drink, but they didn't say anything about smoking. you think i'll be fine?

i nod. i ask him what happened. what rumors are true?

john says, i don't know what people are saying. what are people saying?

last week, john went to his old high school during first period and was acting crazy and got

kicked out. true. john went on a coke binge and got arrested. false. after getting kicked out of the

high school john hopped on a plane to la to see tyrone, but only made it the airport before his

muttering and shouting got him taken to an emergency room. true. this was all the result

of withdrawal from meth. false. john humped a rubber ducky in front of his mom. true.

i say, i knew you weren't on drugs. you weren't even smoking weed.

but what the fuck happened?

john says, i was drinking a lot, and not sleeping. like at all. for three days.

john says, i was literally possessed by demons, man. i think they've

been following me my whole life. i was really spoiled as a little kid.

john says, all the anger and pain that stockton is causing jodie, with

everyone still doing the same shit, how no one is paying attention to

signs, to each other, just came through to him and something snapped.

john says, it was a wake up call. john says it was an epiphany on steroids.

john says, man, i'm high as fuck. lifted. i really needed that. i haven't

smoked in two weeks. thanks man. i got to go back in, my parents have

me on lockdown. he hops out the car and goes inside his house, acute-

ly reminding me of high school, the smoke trailing him a distance into

the cold fog before dissipating.

exposition

this is, mostly, a story about a dead girl i never met.

jodie died almost exactly two years ago here in stockton. she was

seventeen years old. she worked at mr. pickles sandwich shop, the one

by the mall down the street. she was a straight a student at lincoln high

school. she was the kind of girl that you could call drunk for a ride at

three in the morning and shed get out of bed to come get you. she was

popular without being mean, smart without being antisocial, a loving

daughter, a caring friend, perfect in every way. she was like sunshine.

for about a month before she died she had been heavily abusing drugs

to cope with boy troubles. so her body was already weak the night she

mixed an indeterminate number of pills and alcohol at a party and

died, leaving behind her grieving parents and friends, a gravestone

always filled with flowers.

jodie died seven months before i came to stockton—seven months

before i got into this university and left my home and drove for one

week, thousands of miles, across the country, affirming manifest des-

tiny, aiming for the pacific ocean of my ancestors, echoing or at least

attempting to kerouac and steinbeck and the literary tradition of west-

ward migration, and stopped two hours short; and that is how i think

of stockton: two hours, one hundred miles short of the pacific. seven

months separated her death and my arrival. it is not that the dead

fade away; they are buried by the continuing struggles and triumphs of

everyday; six hour shifts and dinners out and house parties, clubbing
and surfing and school, the minutiae outshining the pain. seven months of healing and remembering and crystalizing these descriptions and stories and memories, lionizing the dead, making her so angelic and good and tragic that it becomes hard to think of her as human.

the reason that i not only know this much about a dead girl i never met but also choose to write a story about her is John. John is a student at this school and a native of this city and one of my best friends. he reminds me of a character in a Japanese manga; a face that is all angular lines, short hair that sticks up as though he were drawn. he is one of those kids that never built a filter, screaming obscenities in public, acting out in class. adhd to the max but a family that doesn't believe in pills. he was one of jodie's best friends, although perhaps twenty different people have claimed that to me at one point or another.

halfway through writing the first draft of this story i realized that it was also largely about John. it was not really the process of writing it that made me realize this, but rather his disappearance and breakdown which fell exactly on the second anniversary of jodie's death. the rumors were flying at full speed by the time i heard them. John is on meth; John is in socal; John is in the hospital. again i am last to the scene, picking up the pieces, realizing that this is all much more about John than me. jodie makes me question things, write stories; jodie makes John break down crying, have a week long panic attack.

so this is a story about jodie, and a story about John, and stockton, and drugs, about death and life, youth, sorrow, and maybe above all ennui.

but of course you can already tell that despite the fact that i never met jodie, that i am on the periphery of the stockton drug scene, that i am not capable of feeling as much as John, this is also, selfishly, cowardly, necessarily, a story about me.

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two hours short of the pacific everyone is miserable here. at this school, in this city, the most common topic of conversation is how miserable it is, how bad everyone wants to get out.

people cope with misery in different ways. my choice has always been drugs. self medication. i grew up in a sleepy mid atlantic suburb with a great police department—the only drugs we could find were either at rite aid or deep in the ghetto of the city. when i was fourteen i was doing cough syrup to see god, dramamine to hear things, nutmeg to feel stoned, weed to feel normal. when i was sixteen and started driving i drove to the city a few times but i saw the pain it brought and stopped.

in stockton, the drug market is exponentially more diverse and cheaper. if i had gone to high school here i would never have graduated. imagine being introduced to ecstasy as an eighth grader instead of a college freshman. i'd have been doing crack freshman year. tweak the next, dropped out of sixteen. this is what everyone i meet in stockton tells me. one of my dealers tells me he got kicked out of school when they found a gun in his locker. mary talks about rolling in class, slipping her sweaty palms on the chalkboard when she was called up.

mary is a stockton native, then and now fucking one of my best friends from this school who has since dropped out. mary is a former tweaker-you can see it in her teeth. mary is another one who says that she was one of jodie's best friends, mary says she has done pretty much every drug imaginable with jodie. she says that even though a bunch of kids from school say that jodie was their best friend, she knew the real jodie, who was doing all kinds of drugs everyday. xanax, ecstasy, coke, meth, and keeping it a secret.

john tells me that mary is probably telling the truth, but maybe not.
friends for couches to sleep on, drugs to buy and sell, parties to crash, through john i was somehow borrowing jodie's network of stockton to sacramento to san diego and so also following my own dazed travels. of stockton to the rest of california, all along the highways from jodie's ghost haunts me, following the migration of her friends out ing, moving his head in rhythm with the beat box. more eloquent words than i have here, all the while rhyming and flow- of seeing everyone descend into a drug haze despite her loss, in much hops on the beat, laying out the misery of stockton, of losing jodie, circle. one, john's friend danny, finds some kind of inspiration and at a stockton party i listen to a group of kids freestyle rapping in a lightening as a las vegas drug dealer. a straight student, a secret addict. almost like a uop student moon- and so she trailed me quietly across california, a new friend of hers in my grandmother's gravestone in shanghai, the same way i'll later look that he always sees signs, that when the sun shines briefly through a hole in the clouds or washes the sky over the pacific ocean pink and orange, that he always tells john that jodie always talks to him like that, night in the bathroom, and that she shouldn't be talking about jodie when i tell john this story the next day, he says it was a sign from jodie telling me to pay attention to the sea. later, after meeting up with john in santa barbara, popping a pill at his friend's house, drinking vodka, surfing, walking around the amuse- everything that i have seen, instead of rides you have house parties, instead of concession stands you have kegs, instead of skee ball you have eight balls, i find myself in a girl named catie's car, from stockton...there is a mug of vodka in the cup holder, and we drive to the beach, and i read her the note, and she obligatorily listens, and she talks about jodie, about what she was like, about how much she miss her, and i obligatorily listen, pretending that we are really bond- me to pay attention to the sea. and so she trailed me quietly across california, a new friend of hers in my grandmother's gravestone in shanghai, the same way i'll later look at jodie's gravestone on her birthday smoking a blunt in her memory with mary, and a few minutes later as she really starts dipping into the ocean making the water glow john whoops and says stop the car, we gotta say hi to jodie, baby. she's so beautiful. and so somewhere on the pitch we pull over and john runs out and surfs in the fading light and he says i miss you, baby girl. we get to san diego and we crash and drink at the house of two girls from stockton. john pours everyone shots in a shot glass that has jodie's name painted on it. they all talk about how much they miss her and john and his friend get drunk and get jodie's initials, which happen to be mine as well, tattooed under some angel wings on their arms. john's friend tells me that he has only cried twice in the last decade: when his girlfriend cheated on him, and when jodie died. the next day john and his friends leave me on the side of pch in laguna beach. they head inland to the oc for a night and then back to stock- the next day john and his friends leave me on the side of pch in laguna beach. they head inland to the oc for a night and then back to stock- the next day john and his friends leave me on the side of pch in laguna beach. they head inland to the oc for a night and then back to stock- the next day john and his friends leave me on the side of pch in laguna beach. they head inland to the oc for a night and then back to stock- the next day john and his friends leave me on the side of pch in laguna beach. they head inland to the oc for a night and then back to stock- the next day john and his friends leave me on the side of pch in laguna beach. they head inland to the oc for a night and then back to stock- the next day john and his friends leave me on the side of pch in laguna beach. they head inland to the oc for a night and then back to stock- the next day john and his friends leave me on the side of pch in laguna beach. they head inland to the oc for a night and then back to stock- the next day john and his friends leave me on the side of pch in laguna beach. they head inland to the oc for a night and then back to stock- the next day john and his friends leave me on the side of pch in laguna beach. they head inland to the oc for a night and then back to stock-
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online for me and tells me that the next bus is not for three hours, so I sit in silence and think about everything that had happened already and everything that will happen later. I lose my cell phone and am unable to contact my friend in Venice and end up staying on the beach for three days, sober, content, burning in the Southern California sun which is already hot in March, a stark contrast to the grey pallor of Stockton. I lie on benches at night, huddled, wishing for some marijuana to fall out of the sky and help me fall asleep, but also appreciating the sobriety after the craziness of Santa Barbara and San Diego. I think—and when the three days are up I return to Stockton reluctantly and miraculously, walking into the Apple store to use Facebook to find Andy's number, calling him from a payphone with some change I panhandle outside a restaurant, navigating Los Angeles's bus system to Northridge where I sleep, or at least close my eyes, lying huddled next to a wall in a shopping mall parking complex, and when Andy pulls into the designated gas station at ten in the morning the sun is shining and I thank Jodie the way John tells me to, whether or not my salvation was her doing and it's the Sunday before classes start and Andy drives smoothly on the five and I pass out from the grapevine all the way to the door of my dorm.

fried

this past fall, but still warm, in the dark, empty parking lot of a strangely generic strip mall in some nameless suburb of Sacramento, we're hotboxing Mary's car, waiting on drugs, as if there's anything else you wait for in parking lots, and the vaguely tweaked out white kid sitting next to me in Mary's car scratches his head and smokes a cigarette at the same time as the coke was diluted and I sit there high and wonder what he's on and he says he is still kind of frying dude, he ate a ten strip this morning, you know, and just fried all day, man, and somehow through his rambling frying thoughts, despite his clouded, tripping brain or maybe because of it, Jodie shines through from that other plane of existence that the acid has opened him to and he says, man, that was fucked up what happened to Jodie, huh? just fucking covered for themselves. Whose house was it? Mary says it was Ron Pitt's house. The kid sneers. Yeah, fucking Ron Pitt, man, didn't want to man up and take her to the fucking hospital, let her die in a bathtub. You don't understand, says Mary, raising her voice. It was fucked up. What happened. They put her in the bathtub at first because she was... you know... and her voice cracks and she stops. That's so dumb, I say, that's a horrible thing to do to someone who's OD'ing, she probably wouldn't have died, even if they didn't take her to the hospital, if they didn't put her body into shock like that. I know, says Mary, but they didn't know that. They just panicked. I mean it was just a really sad situation. No one knew what to do. They put her in the bed, I guess when they figured out that it was bad, and she died in his bed. The kid sneers again, and nothing happened to Ron fucking Pitt, he says, because he's some rich kid from Brookside and Jodie fucking died in his bed, Jodie's dead, man, like it happened last week and not last year. And we sit there in silence smoking the blunt until the kids connect pulls up in a dark corner of the parking lot and the kid runs into the other car with our money and returns with a ziplock bag full of white powder and he says this is some pure mdma, man, straight from the chemist, man, and we drive him somewhere to drop him off and later on we figure out that the molly was cut with salt.

when I tell John this story, partying the next weekend in San Luis Obispo at Cal Poly's 'week of welcome' he says it was obviously just another sign from Jodie and the sign was that the drug deal was bad, the whole thing, it's all bad, dude. Get out of the game, man, figure it out, Jun. He says, you just met Ron Pitt tonight. He's a nice guy. It wasn't his fault. It wasn't anyone's fault. Oh, that Ron guy, that was him? Damn. John looks at me. Who cares about all that though? We're in fucking These Are My Friends These Are My Friends Lia Santini
fried part two

I'm rolling not very hard on the cut molly; trying to hustle some of it back to stockton we take pch as far as possible to keep the sea to our side and eventually the sun comes out and john explains to me that jodie was actually an angel, sent to this realm to help, to heal, and that their friend zach, who sells coke and steals, who didn't cry at her funeral, might be the devil incarnate. that they sit on his shoulders like the stereo on my car has blown out—another overwrought metaphor for something.

slo, man, the beach is right there, every girl walking down the street is doing well, hopping on his board, screaming at the sky. on the ride to incoming freshmen who i will never see again, and john, drunk, says i'm looking plotting the ethics of selling bunk drugs, wondering who sold jodie the drugs that killed her, wondering if he knew how much pain he had caused, if he rationalized the way i did, that selling drugs was spreading happiness, how much pain i had caused. if jodie really was telling me something, if she should listen, until finally a girl sits next to me and starts talking to me about raves and college and really was telling me something, if i should listen, until finally a girl sits next to me and starts talking to me about raves and college and everything she has been through right now, that he doesn't relapse into a psychotic state and eventually the sun comes out and john explains to me that jodie was actually an angel, sent to this realm to help, to heal, and that their friend zach, who sells coke and steals, who didn't cry at her funeral, might be the devil incarnate. that they sit on his shoulders like the stereo on my car has blown out—another overwrought metaphor for something.

i figure out later, via facebook, that the girl in vegas's birthday is the same day jodie died. i can't decide what this means, can't figure out what jodie is trying to tell me. go for it? follow your heart? or stop listening to the drugs and falling in love with every pretty girl that you roll with?

when i tell john this story he says that he is sick of telling me to figure it out. he is driving me to the airport for me to go home for winter break. he says if i don't figure it out soon it will be too late.

the end

i wish i could tell you that this story ends well. that danny's mixtape gets hyped and he gets signed to some major rap label and his first album, dedicated to jodie, breaks the billboard top two hundred. that catherine finds what she is looking for, that everyone, all of us do. that my mother's student visa died after an old french man who sponsored my mother's student visa died after a stroke when i was in middle school. i saw him comatose in the icu. i think the girl is beautiful even though she is not, strictly aesthetically looking at the drugs and falling in love with every pretty girl that you roll with?

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and becomes who he wants to be, that he lets go of Jodie enough to let
her ghost teach me a valuable lesson, and I turn my life around.
that telling this story brings me clarity and purpose.
and the story could still end that way and I hope it does. but it is not
that kind of story because it is happening now, because you are read-
ing it in a college workshop and not a bookstore, because even though
I have not yet broken my new year’s resolution to stop doing and sell-
ing drugs it is only January, because Danny’s mixtape drops tomorrow
and John is sitting at his house on tranquilizers and anti-schizoids and
Mary just did some cocaine at a party last weekend, because of the
million different ways everything could turn out from here, just like
the million different ways they could have turned out then.
Jodie’s story is over now, set on a stone tablet in a quiet corner of a
stockton cemetery, embellished with flowers and letters and tears,
sealed with blunts smoked in her name, beer from forties spilled
on the ground. but the point of all of this effort, these words spilled,
pages rambled, cigarettes smoked and coffee drank, sleep delayed,
is that her story is inevitably, necessarily the rest of their stories, and
though, or maybe even because I never met her, my story as well. the
point is all of the things that John taught me, all of the things that hum
möglich was jodie and just to know that we are all connected and let’s
pursue the ocean, the sea, the sea and the ocean questions us
daily journal “opinion” march 1st 2010
-name signed in illegible handwriting
*spelling mistakes, unfinished quotation marks, grammatical errors
etc. left in place. capitalization changed.
in some ways in living we are left out from the true ideas of what we
are as a “whole body” in the constitution of nations that purpose is
twisted by relationships and judgements that don’t answer the worlds
questions as to; “am i helping or hurting society by my actions? is giving
the real solution? and why don’t people love themselves first before trying to
fix everybody else’s opinions and facts to what matters are? is what we
really know or understand to be just a combination or connection to losing our creativity
as technology deforms our brains functions and the beauty of the
individuality we are as human beings! as we live on how do we let
“history” repeat itself and how much time and money do we need to
stop speaking about the word “change” which really means substitute.
the nature of disputes involving the past and present doesn’t have a
line humans can draw or pay for to correct or does it? simply speak-
ing in relation to how nature rules, “humans are no different than the
sea, it always has to run to the ocean, which is the biggest body of
mass that will ever exist, so like the ocean, we must respect. maybe we
should start respecting and honoring ourselves first and then all we see
in everything else that exists will live in peace and harmony, which
only starts at “one” “i” and that’s solving the question to life, who am
i? am i you? am i we? and can i figure out how we are to be and live
together before it’s too late to know the difference in what we see in the
oceans great mystery. “love sees us in the ocean’s light, to shine on. and
see how life’s greatness can be known, that is the answer how the sea
and the ocean are no different than all of us. we all go together in
the end in pieces puzzle to the greatest mass that exists.
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The Dream Scheme

A dream is like a cocktail made by a drunk bartender, one who does away with careful measurements and arbitrarily throws in random ingredients without a second thought. A dream is one part reality, two parts fantasy, and a sprinkle of whatever you ate before you went to bed, sloshing around in your subconscious in a jumble of past, present and future. It pours into your senses as it drunks you in a sea of confusion and false hope. It contains reality: improbable, yet not impossible situations, ones that are wrapped with the tiniest sliver of truth in order to make it seem plausible, whether it is a location, a familiar face, or an event. The fantasy is ridiculous; it’s the part that makes you gag reflex, pulling you out of a potentially dangerous situation before you can make amends, whether I’m conscious or not. This is where I wake up. Maybe it’s the subconscious equivalent to a speech in front of the class, but you’re in your underwear. It makes you uncomfortable and self-conscious. It makes you weak; it makes you unable to land that roundhouse kick in Barney’s padded dinosaur costume, it keeps you from running across the burning pavement and broken glass after the latest alien invasion. Every situation that would be otherwise normal is thrown slightly off-balance and it prevents you from functioning normally.

Yes Mr. President, it’s wonderful to meet you, and I would be honored to assist you in this undercover mission of national importance. It’s just that…well sir, I’ve forgotten my shoes.

Being barefoot is my equivalent of the dream where you have to make a speech in a front of the class, but you’re in your underwear. It makes you weak; it makes you uncomfortable and self-conscious. It makes you unable to face those aliens or dinosaurs. I flee down the street of the nondescript town that could be anywhere, through the hallways of an anonymous house I may have been to once, up the stairs in a mansion, as the aliens burst in and I’m stuck in a small space, unable to escape. So I keep running, avoiding their attacks, jumping over broken glass after the latest alien invasion. Every situation that would be otherwise normal is thrown slightly off-balance and it prevents you from functioning normally.

And right when I’m about to be blasted into oblivion or Barney is on the verge of slipping the knife between my ribs, I wake up. I open my eyes and find myself back in my bed, feet unscathed and no stab wounds in my stomach. Safe.

And amongst the slightly plausible reality and the completely insane fantasy lies the one grain of truth: the scheme. The underlying message, the moral, the Disney movie theme. It’s the piece of you that brings together the subconscious and the conscience and reveals a unacceptable situations or mechanism I use to protect myself. I am always barefoot.

One Part Reality

I dream of tearful reunions with forgotten friends; people that have been separated from me by space, time or inactivity. The locations are faces I’ve only pictured in my mind, yet I know their personalities and quirks like I would for someone I’ve known my whole life.

I choke myself to death with contrived words and empty promises. This is where I wake up. Maybe it’s the subconscious equivalent to a funeral or a wedding, a speech given by someone else. It’s the piece of you that brings together the subconscious and the conscience and reveals a sense of reality: improbable, yet not impossible situations, ones that are wrapped with the tiniest sliver of truth in order to make it seem plausible, whether it is a location, a familiar face, or an event. The fantasy is ridiculous; it’s the part that makes you gag reflex, pulling you out of a potentially dangerous situation before you can make amends, whether I’m conscious or not. This is where I wake up. Maybe it’s the subconscious equivalent to a speech in front of the class, but you’re in your underwear. It makes you uncomfortable and self-conscious. It makes you weak; it makes you unable to land that roundhouse kick in Barney’s padded dinosaur costume, it keeps you from running across the burning pavement and broken glass after the latest alien invasion. Every situation that would be otherwise normal is thrown slightly off-balance and it prevents you from functioning normally.

And I'm always barefoot.

Residual pieces of guilt and shame always work their way into my dreams, as if the conscience and subconscious are working together to make me do the right thing without me even realizing it. In the dream, friends from the past always embrace me with joy and acceptance, but when they eventually bring up the question Why haven’t you called? I stand in silence, searching for an excuse that is both believable and inoffensive.

And amongst the slightly plausible reality and the completely insane fantasy lies the one grain of truth: the scheme. The underlying message, the moral, the Disney movie theme. It’s the piece of you that brings together the subconscious and the conscience and reveals a sense of reality: improbable, yet not impossible situations, ones that are wrapped with the tiniest sliver of truth in order to make it seem plausible, whether it is a location, a familiar face, or an event. The fantasy is ridiculous; it’s the part that makes you gag reflex, pulling you out of a potentially dangerous situation before you can make amends, whether I’m conscious or not. This is where I wake up. Maybe it’s the subconscious equivalent to a speech in front of the class, but you’re in your underwear. It makes you uncomfortable and self-conscious. It makes you weak; it makes you unable to land that roundhouse kick in Barney’s padded dinosaur costume, it keeps you from running across the burning pavement and broken glass after the latest alien invasion. Every situation that would be otherwise normal is thrown slightly off-balance and it prevents you from functioning normally.

Yes Mr. President, it’s wonderful to meet you, and I would be honored to assist you in this undercover mission of national importance. It’s just that…well sir, I’ve forgotten my shoes.

...er...
tions, physically from the monsters that drive me from safety. Reality and fantasy, conscious and subconscious, they are co-dependent and they coexist. The only difference is that in reality the future is changeable. The escape is not to wake up, but to solve the problem. And when I wake up, I won't be restrained by the circumstances of the dream. I will walk on the streets that I've known my whole life, see the faces of those I know and I'll be wearing my shoes. But this time I won't be running. And maybe now I can get a good night's sleep.

Henry would know when to tell me to shut up and walk away. It was always easy to know when I had taken something too far with this tactic. But we were kids. Taking something too far was constantly unnoticed, unless someone was crying. Crying was a good indicator for a lot of things. Pain. Loss. Anger. Henry would tell me to ‘grow up’ when I would cry. Maybe that's why I never say anything to anyone anymore. Keep to myself. Save it for something better. Better? Worth it. That's what I mean.

We were the only ones who didn't like PE in our class. I don't know if it's because we didn't have the usual energy you're supposed to have when you're nine years old or something else entirely. But every time it involved running around, we'd find a way to get out of it. We'd say something that was believable enough to where we could sit on the sidelines and watch. I think we teamed up because we didn't know what else to do. This was the only time Henry and I were seen together. We'd play our own games that involved imagination rather than hitting people and calling them, “It.” We traveled to made-up lands and met people that we hoped never actually exist. Fought monsters. Ate glorious feasts. We were champions.

Then Henry tried to kiss me in the fourth grade because he wanted to know if he could do it. He said that the older kids said he couldn't do it, and he wanted to prove them wrong. I said I wasn't going to be someone to kiss just to be someone kiss. I wanted it to be romantic. So Henry kissed Julia instead. Because Julia liked kissing. That was the day Julia became a slut. And that was the day Henry became a douche. It was something so simple that changed his path forever. Make believe became less and less, but he still always talks to me, surprisingly. He knew that the stories we made created a life that we could always escape into. That's when I became Henry's secret friend. Because you know, that was the kind of person I was. Hidden. It wasn't that he held ignore me, I just didn't know what to do when he wouldn't. Because I felt like that's what he was supposed to do. That's what he should be seen doing. I couldn't be associated with him and that new life of his. I didn't fit. I didn't feel comfortable even trying. I knew Henry couldn't be associated with me, so I let him. Somehow I made him understand that, and we made it okay. It became something that still had some of our past left in it.

Julia remained that part of Henry's life for years to follow. She'd brush her hair in class and giggle at loud remarks made by boys. I don't like her. She leaves the hair she pulls out from her brush on my desk. Just because it's blonde, doesn't mean it's invisible. Henry liked her. But he liked her for the obvious reasons. Julia and Henry were secret lovers. Sorry. Typo.
Secret “bang buddies.” Yeah. Classy. That’s the nicest name I could come up with without it sounding too dirty. She’s dirty. I don’t like her. But I’ve said that already.

Henry did a lot of stupid things as a kid that screwed him up for a real life. Julia. That speaks for itself. Most of it was to help his image, you know, become more accepted to the world, bullshit like that. The stereotypical things, pointless and dangerous tricks to impress, talked back to authority to prove himself. He was one of those guys who saw some older kids smoking and thought that he’d try it too. Henry kind of looked like he was fading away as time went on. In too many ways. I asked him to quit, but he saw no point. He didn’t care how long he lived, just as long as he enjoyed life while he was around. That was ridiculous to me, and not to mention, stupid.

“How about you enjoy a long life rather than a short one?” I said angrily.

“But he likes you too much, and sooner you’re going to get to that point where you’re going to feel obligated to fall to his level. I don’t want to see you become that,” she said in a concerned tone.

There was an extreme explanation in need, but let’s be honest, she didn’t want to hear that. So I gave her this. “Mom, it’s not like that at all. We’re just friends. If anything I’m helping him get on the right track.”

“My mom knew about us. But she thought that he was just some boy who was trying to steer me as close to hell as possible. When we were on the phone, she’d come into my room and tell me she needed to talk to me, but really she just wanted me to stop talking to him. Bad influences, you know.

“You’re a good kid.” My mom would say as she’d sit at the foot of my bed. I laughed at her way of telling me he was trouble. “Thanks, Mom—”

“No, I love that you’re helping him. But… I don’t want you to get dragged into his life.”

“I won’t, Mom. Don’t worry.” Smile. She smiled back. Crisis averted.

Henry always fascinated me. Maybe that’s how I got so hooked on being included in his life in anyway I could. I had no idea how his mind could travel so far in so little time. He was my storyteller, that’s the real truth of it. When he started talking, everything became vivid. You were there. You were tasting it. You were feeling the ground between your toes. You escaped with him. It was almost unbelievable. I told him he could be a writer, but he said he didn’t want people to read about the world in his head. He liked keeping it a secret. It made me feel special knowing he shared it with me. Just me. I never knew why though, why me, that is. Why put up with me? I’d always ask him with this constant need to know, and the instant disbelief that what he said was true. You’re interesting. That’s what he would tell me. Though that’s not even remotely true. But I guess I went along with it, because I still had to be in his life, and him in mine.

Every other night we’d meet each other at this playground that was conveniently equal walking distance from our houses. I’d take the only rebelliousness that I had, and sneak out after dinner to go lay in that shitty plastic tunnel by the swing set. Then we’d talk. Whatever we wanted to say, we said it. No judgment. Just release. I remember one
It wasn’t even a tall tale. There was no taste in the slightest. It wasn’t at all what people thought he felt. That simple. That fucking simple. That fucking stupid. And it all fucking adds up in the end. And I have no desire to blame. I have no desire to learn a lesson that only goes well for a laugh, and then it was quickly covered up by guilt after. It’s that way almost to a point to where it’s unhealthy. But I have this thought. I sleep a lot now. I’m probably getting more sleep than necessary, and I don’t think it helps, not really. I just dream and dream, and it only screws with my mind in the morning, and then I don’t know what’s going on. I’m lifeless. So, let’s just say this: now, my favorite TV show affects her more than anyone, if that was unclear. All Julia says is how
She wiped the tears away in frustration. "What kind of heartless person doesn't ask what's wrong when they see someone crying right in front of them?"

Yeah, that is kind of a bitch move. But we're not even friends, in any way. "Sorry!" I said. Though, what kind of person just sits across from someone who never talks to just so she can get a comforting pat on the back?

"Yeah, me too!" She said under her breath as she brushed the hair away from her face. Then lied an extremely uncomfortable awkward silence.

I shifted, not sure what else to do. "I know who you are, Kim." She said looking down at my carrots on my plate.

"And I know you, Julia." I stated clearly, unsure what she was getting at.

"No, I know you." I guess I missed something. She looked up slightly at me, "I know you and I know what Henry was to you." Strange. Hard to believe, "Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah, she said in a very Julia tone. I stared at her until she gave me full eye contact. I looked into her eyes and saw the redness from the tears. I saw that the pain she was showing the world was real. I could tell from just her eyes that all she'd been saying might not be true, but the hurt sure was.

"And I know what he was to you." It came out of my mouth before I could even think of it.

"Exactly," she said quickly, as if she already knew exactly what I was going to say that.

My hands started to tremble. I had the urge to reach out to her. I wanted her to reach out to me and tell me it's okay. Tell me what I'm supposed to feel now, what I'm supposed to do. But I didn't move. I cleared my throat, "So what now?" I asked hiding my desperate hope for a real answer.

"So just leave it at that," she said. Cleared her throat. Stood up. And left.

I was Henry's secret friend. That's what I knew. That's what I let myself become. Sometimes when I see Henry's friends now, I think about how I could walk up to them and tell them I understand. I tell myself that Julia will smile and tell everyone else it's true, and maybe I'd become their friend in the end. She'll stand up for me and I'll be accepted. But I keep forgetting that's not really who Julia really is. They wouldn't believe me over her. So I wasn't anyone to any of them. Though Julia knew, in the end, I'm the only one standing at his doorstep late at night.
I’m the only one who hides in the tunnel at the park and pretends. So my pain would remain to be a secret. My sadness would never be seen as more than an act for attention. My words would be just for me to hear. And alone I’d sink with that ship to the bottom of the sea.

He asked me on his birthday last month, “You’ll always remember me, right?” I nodded and laughed. He always said strange things like that. I took them as jokes. I never understood them though. I just would smile and look at my feet. I never even asked him what he meant. But why would I ever need to?
Diary of the Past Five Years, 2007–2012

Harrison W. Inefuku (Visual Arts Editor from 2006)

A Process of Forgetting

Our words are muffled, car horns intimate the sound of weeping, and this hum of discontent has been resounding in the hearts of cities long before I could even murmur a syllable.

Murmur, a word that means water, which reminds me of steelhead trout flowing through a creek, like souls in fugue.

A man plays Take Five on a Saxophone, a clear vase at his feet is filled with dollar bills.

As the bell from the cable car rings, I feel as if this is a set from a movie.

I watch a taxicab escape like a ghost down a long hallway.

The only one who approaches me is a man in an olive drab field jacket, his face unshaven, hair long and coiled around his cheekbones. He smells like a war now thirty seven years old, and I was born five years after his war had become a memory, a word which means a process of forgetting.

A Process of Forgetting

Victor Inzunza (Literary Arts Editor from 2011)

Diary of the Past Five Years, 2007–2012

Diary of the Past Five Years, 2007–2012 is a meditation on my life since I graduated from Pacific in 2007. Based on airline route maps, it is a chronicle of the flights I have taken over the past five years, but perhaps it tells more than that. Do my flights cluster around cities that I've lived in (which I've marked as hubs), or is my pattern of travel determined by airline companies—indeed, one can probably use Diary to determine the airline I typically fly.

I have recently started a new position as the Digital Repository Coordinator at Iowa State University, where I am overseeing the development and management of Iowa State's new institutional repository, Digital Repository @ Iowa State University. I'm still trying to fit travel into my schedule whenever I can, and living in Iowa has opened up a whole new part of the Midwest to explore that I'd never imagined I'd visit.
Here, you are free
Here, you can escape
Here, everything and anything is possible